

The second part of

Hosť. Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Fals. Didst thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

Falsf. No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

Prince I shall drue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse,
and then I know how to handle you.

Falst. No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

Prince Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-
chipper, and I know not what?

Éal. No abuse Hall.

Poynes No abuse?

Falst No abuse Ned with worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince Seenow whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine holtesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

Poynes Answer thou dead elme, answer.

Falst. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but roſt inault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

Prince For the weomen.

Falst. For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes
poore soules: for th' other I owe her mony, and whether she be
damnd for that I know not.

Hoß

Henry the f

Host. No I warrant you.

Falst. No I thinke thou art not,
that, mary there is another inditem
flesh to be eaten in thy house, contr
I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hof. Al vitlars do so, whats a whole Lent?

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol. What saies your grace?

Fal. His grace saies that which

Peyro knocks a

Host. Who knockes so lowd at
there Francis.

Prince Pcyto, how now, what

Peyto The King your father is
And there are twenty weake and
Come from the North, and as I ca
I met and ouertooke a dozen cap
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking
And asking euery one for sir Ioh

Prince By heauen Paines, I feare
So idely to prophane the precious
When tempest of commotion like
Borne with blacke vapour, doth blacke
And drop vpon our bare vnarm'd
Giue me my sword and cloke: For

Ехент Prince

Fal. Now comes in the sweet
must hence and leaue it vnpickt
how now, whats the matter?